

Letter from Mabel Hubbard Bell to Alexander Graham Bell, November 24, 1904, with transcript

Letter from Mrs. Alexander Graham Bell to Dr. Alexander Graham Bell. Washington, D. C. Nov. 24, 1904. Thanksgiving Morning. My dear Alec:

How many years have passed since our supreme Thanksgiving morning dawned for us both? I don't want to count, only to be thankful we have had such a happy life together. I can even find it in my heart to be thankful for the loss of our little sons, although the pain seems as heavy today as at the time. At all events I had the great comfort of being the Mother of sons, even if they did not live, and how much happier to think what they might have been than the cruel reality of Thomas Edison's son. It is scarcely possible that we could have carried on the tradition of the last three generations of Alexander Bell's to a fourth and after all it is better the name should go out in a blaze of glory.

By the way you know Sophie is here, and she is exceeding wroth at the idea of the shoemakers and grocer grandfather. She says she knows more of the family history than any one else, and she can hunt up more about them than any stranger could and anyway she hopes nothing will be published until she has had a chance to see what she can find. Why mightn't it be a good idea to give her some funds and copies of your authorities and let her see what she really can do. Of course it is to be expected that she will be prejudiced in favor of the best that can be made of the family standing, but still she is a clever woman and has plenty of time now. Both her sons are in Africa, Noel on the West Coast, Douglas consulting engineer in Liberia.

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Mamma, Daisy and I dine with Bert and Elsie, it's a lovely bracing day, in fact we are having succession of days that would suit you down to the ground. Only why don't you telegraph me about your kites. I have written every day although I guess my letters arrive

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irregularly, and telegraphed about every other. I haven't seen the paper this morning, so don't know what the Czar says. I read a very unfavorable account of him as a weak, obstinate, superstitious, man entirely under the influence of Pobiedonostif and the Grand Dukes, others say he is epileptic. The most favorable opinion seems to be that he is a well enough intentioned man, too indifferent however to contend strongly against the interested and reactionary influences surrounding him. Did you see what Andrew D. White said, that he was alarmed and astonished to have him reply to a remark of his about the then prevailing famine, yes it was bad last year, but it's all over now, yet he was President of the relief society which was even then receiving presents of grain from America and the distress worse. He was Czarowitch then.

Lovingly, Mabel.